The World.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.

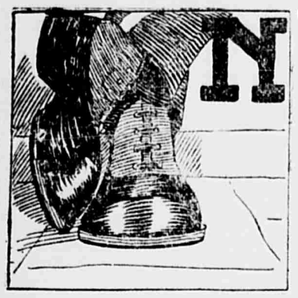
JOSEPH PULITZER, Pres., 7 East 73d Street. J. ANGUS SHAW, Sec.-Treas., 901 West 179th Street.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Subscription Rates to the Evening World for the United States.	Canada.	For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One year.....$3.50	One year.....$3.75	One year.....$3.75
One month.....30	One month.....60	One month.....85

VOLUME 48.....NO. 16,962.

RIGHT WAY TO PATROL.



NOT waiting for the "system's" opposition, Commissioner Bingham commends The Evening World's patrol plan. Not more men but less "system" is what the Police Department of New York needs.

If there were 15,000 policemen they would not be as effective under the present system as 8,000 policemen can be made. Everybody knows how unusual it is to see a policeman at night in the residential neighborhoods, where the flat burglars work, and how rare it is for a policeman to be on a spot where a crime of any importance is committed.

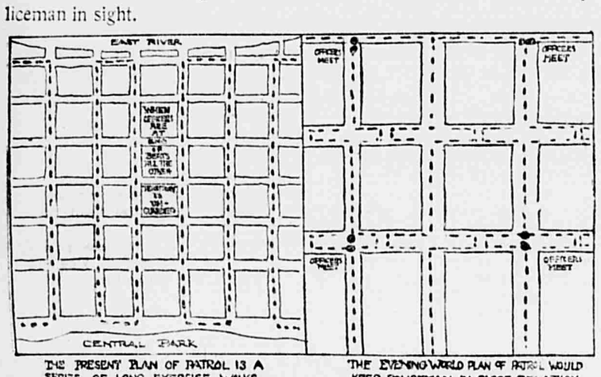
But it would do no good to have 10,000 more policemen if the men were not stationed where they are needed, and if the patrol work is not improved.

The Evening World's plan, which was printed with diagrams so plain that anybody can comprehend, would provide for a system of concentrated beats instead of long walks.

A patrolman's beat should be compact.

It should comprise not a street but a neighborhood or section of territory so that any citizen needing the services of a policeman would not have to go half a mile or a mile on a chance of finding one.

At present the beats meet at corners. One man has a long beat on one street and other men have beats on cross streets, thus resulting in the frequent sight of three or four policemen engaged in earnest and prolonged conversation at the corner where their beats overlap, while at the further ends of their respective beats any number of flat burglars may work with the knowledge that for an hour at least there will be no policeman in sight.



THE PRESENT PLAN OF PATROL IS A SERIES OF LONG EXERCISE WALKS OUT ONE STREET AND BACK ANOTHER.

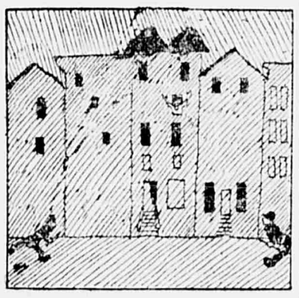
THE EVENING WORLD PLAN OF PATROL WOULD KEEP POLICEMAN IN CLOSE RELATION TO EVERY BLOCK ON THEIR BEAT.

Instead of having beats meet at corners or cross one another, they should touch in the middle of a block and not overlap. The distance for the policeman to walk would be less and the area which he would cover would be more. Instead of having the long distance on the numbered streets where there are long blocks and the short distance on the avenues where the blocks are short, the plan should be reversed, thereby saving the long walks on long blocks and enabling the covering of more blocks.

Remodelling the patrol system so as to substitute eyes, ears and brains for the excessive use of the legs would make patrol duty more effective and enable either a citizen or sergeant to see how it is performed.

The uniformed force should be confined to patrol. Commissioner Bingham took a step in the right direction when he changed the detective force so that it shall be composed of those policemen who are best fitted to detect something. All the other policemen should be patrolmen.

They should not test boilers, or be teamsters or drivers or telephone operators or clerks or anything else except patrolmen.

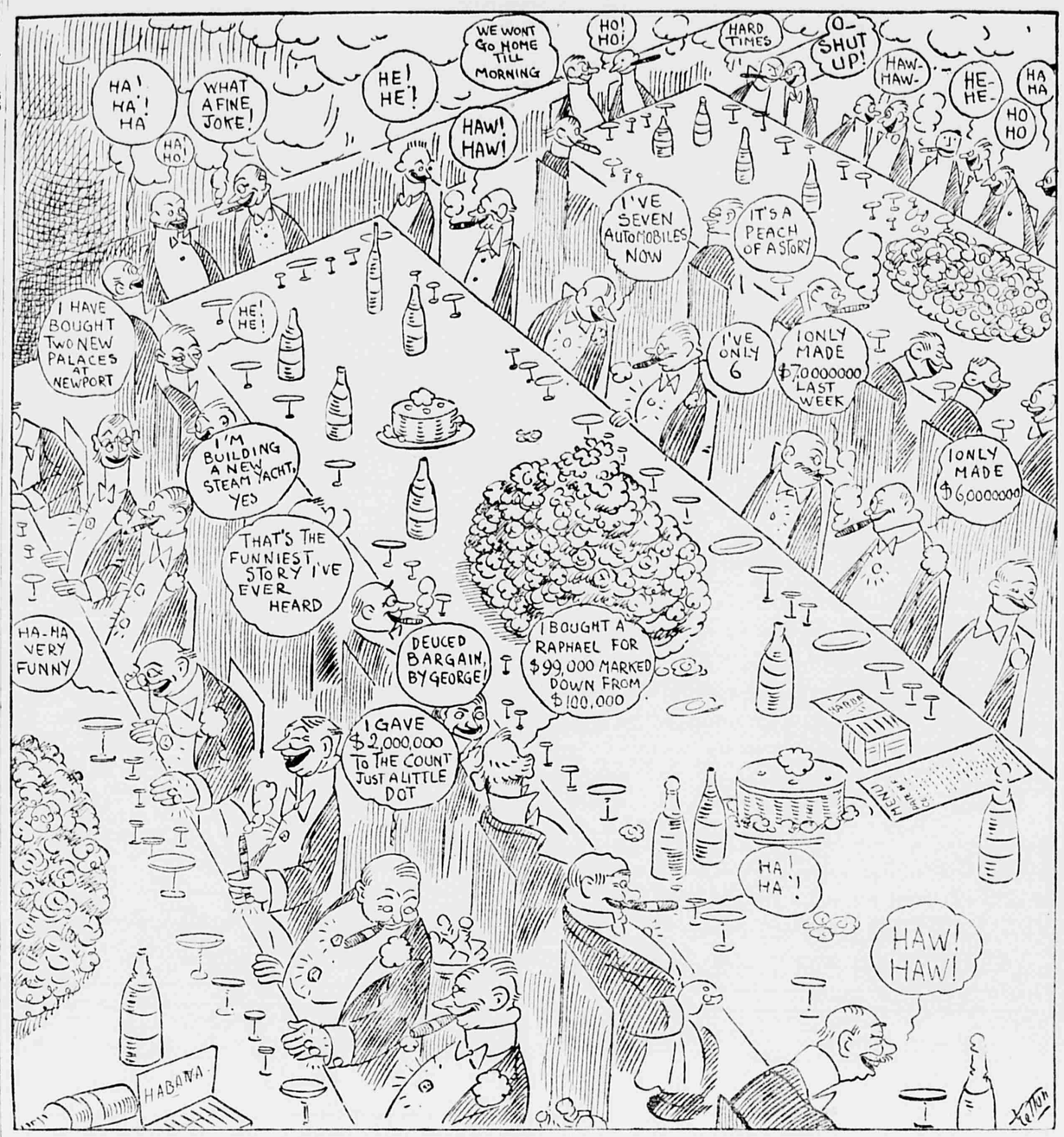


With every policeman a patrolman on the job, and detectives quickly on the ground to follow up the patrolman's work, the crimes of ordinary violence and theft would be greatly diminished.

Then if New York had a District-Attorney who would prosecute the crimes of Wall street, New York in the course of a year or two would become a place where the Penal Code really amounted to something in the way of being enforced.

When Bankers Meet to Talk About Hard Times.

By Maurice Ketten.



The Only Way to Circumvent a Wife Who Keeps You Late for Theatre Is to Put the Clock Back, as Mr. Jarr Did, and Then Nag Her Along.

By Roy L. McCardell.

ROY L. McCARDELL.

"WELL, we must go now," said Mr. Jarr. "We've just got time to get to the theatre before the curtain goes up."

Mr. and Mrs. Jarr had dropped into the Rangles's for tea, from whence they were going to the theatre.

"Why, it's early yet," said Mrs. Rangle, with true hospitality. "I'm sorry I can't go along with you, as I originally intended, but I forgot it was the girl's evening out, and, then, the children are not well and my dress didn't come from the dressmaker's, but I'm glad you will enjoy yourselves."

"He's always hurrying me up," said Mrs. Jarr, regarding her lord and master with scorn. "I can't go to see my friends for a minute but what he gets nervous and restless. What were you going to say about Mrs. Stryver?" This last remark was addressed especially to Mrs. Rangle.

"Well, I tell you what," said Mr. Jarr, sulkily, "you've only got twenty minutes to get ready, and then to allow fifteen minutes to get to the theatre will bring us there just as the curtain goes up."

"Twenty minutes to get ready?" said Mrs. Jarr, with a rising inflection. "Why, listen to the man! I'm all dressed—all I need to do is to put on my gloves and wraps."

"Oh, well, the men are all alike, don't mind him," said Mrs. Rangle complacently. Married ladies being particularly lenient to other women's husbands—when said other women and other husbands are present.

"Well, you better start to get ready," grumbled Mr. Jarr again. "We'll be late as we usually are, and you'll be blaming me."

"Anything to stop his growling," said Mrs. Jarr pettishly, "but I know we'll be there too early."

"Come on in my room and put on your things, then, dear," said Mrs. Rangle.

So she and Mrs. Jarr retired for the mysteries of the post-preparation, and Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle were left alone.

That sage gentleman, Mr. Rangle, puffed reflectively on a stogie and remarked: "They're wonders!"

"Lay you ten to one," said Mr. Jarr, "that Mrs. Jarr isn't out of that room in half an hour!"

"You're a fine sport!" sneered Mr. Rangle. "Want to bet on a sure thing. You forget that Mrs. Jarr is putting on the finishing touches of her toilet and that Mrs. Rangle and she have a few words to say together, as they haven't seen each other for half a minute."

Mr. Jarr kept looking at his watch.

"Come on, Clara!" he cried. "It's time now we should be going."

"In a minute!" came back the voice of Mrs. Jarr. "If you are going to hurry me I won't go at all!"

Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle eyed each other in mutual sympathy for fifteen more minutes while the busy hum of conversation could be heard in Mrs. Rangle's boudoir.

"Great Scott, woman! Aren't you going to the theatre to-night?" cried Mr. Jarr finally.

"I'll be ready in a minute; give me time to get my things on!" came back the voice of Mrs. Jarr.

Mr. Jarr had been sitting with his overshoes, his gloves and his overcoat on, and finally, when he heard the door of Mrs. Rangle's room open, he put on his hat and stood in the hall, with Mr. Rangle standing by, his heart bleeding for his friend.

"Now, good-by, dear," said Mrs. Jarr. "I really don't care to go at all, seeing you can't come."

"Oh, never mind me," said Mrs. Rangle. "But don't forget to come over at 11 to-morrow and we'll go downtown together. Those velvet dresses I saw in the window are only $28, and one can't get the material for that!"

"I'd promised Mrs. Hickett we'll call in for her, but she bores me, and she's such a story-teller!" said Mrs. Jarr. "We'll say we didn't go downtown at all. Do you think Mrs. Stryver looks good in that Copenhagen blue?"

Here Mr. Jarr, who had been totally ignored, danced a war dance, and, after five or ten more minutes in farewells, Mrs. Jarr and he departed.

"Well, I'm so glad the Rangles didn't come," said Mrs. Jarr. "We'd have had to pay for their tickets, and she bores me so I just can't talk to her. You saw how she held me; how late will it be?"

"We won't be late at all," said Mr. Jarr. "I started at you an hour ahead of time."

And Mrs. Jarr was so mad she almost choked.

THE WARS OF OUR COUNTRY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 43.—CIVIL WAR.—(Part XI.) Abraham Lincoln.

IN outlining the great events of that unnatural combat of brethren known to history as the Civil War, the part played by the man whose calm, wise brain guided our nation from chaos to reunion has been implied rather than described. Yet an account of the Civil War, no matter how brief and superficial, is not complete without a fuller recital of this man's deeds.

While North and South were at death grips, while the nation seemed forever rent asunder, while graft, incompetence, cross purposes and factional strife hampered the Government's movements, the storm ever centred about one quaint, picturesque figure—Abraham Lincoln.

A gigantically tall, bony, ungainly body; a wrinkled, rugged face, only redeemed from grotesque hideousness by its luminous, melancholy, dark eyes; a slow speech, interlarded with keen, rustic wit; an awkward manner and a personality wherein crude strength and infinite gentleness were curiously mingled, such, at a glance, was Abraham Lincoln, emancipator and martyr.

Born in utter poverty in the Kentucky backwoods and working his way up gradually as rail splitter, farm hand, boatman, store clerk and finally lawyer, Lincoln wrote later about his early chance:

"When I came of age I didn't know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher; but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity."

The "Rail Splitter President."

Countless other men, with the same—or better—start remained till death at shop counter or farm work. But the drawbacks which would have strangled the ambitions of most youths only strengthened the young backwoodsman's. Picking up a legal education, he forged his way ahead until in 1846 he was sent to Congress. When the slavery question arose Lincoln enrolled himself heart and soul upon the "no extension" side and became known as one of the anti-slavery movement's stanchest supporters. Avoiding the radical, hysterical methods of the extreme Abolitionists, he was nevertheless a firm champion of liberty, and sprang quickly to prominence in the new Republican party. When that party elected him President in 1860, the South, knowing his strong ideas on the slave question, almost at once withdrew from the Union. Lincoln replied to the Secessionists:

"You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors!"

Then came the Civil War. And for the next four years Lincoln endured the most trying position ever forced on an American. He had not even George Washington's consolation of knowing, in darkest hours, that his fellow-countrymen loved and believed in him. The South and many Northerners regarded him as a tyrannical oppressor. The more rabid, excitable faction at the North fiercely condemned his conservative calm in refusing to be swept off his feet in the general delirium and uproar or to swing the "big stick" foolishly. Those who mistook hysterics for patriotism doubted his ability and even his loyalty.

For the mistakes of the War Department, for the failures of the Union generals, for the humiliating defeats caused by incompetent Jacks in office, Lincoln received the full blame. Because he worked out his great plans with the quiet slowness necessary for their success he was reviled as inefficient and lazy. A large part of the English speaking world sneered at his awkward, countrified manners and mocked his ugly, gentle face. His homeliness, his huge, lean figure, the uncouth vulgarisms that he had not been able to shake off—these and other defects were the targets for jokes, contempt, denunciation.

Through it all Lincoln pursued his calm, unswerving course, toward the goal he had set himself—the goal of a free, united American nation. Deaf to abuse and scorn, holding the wild radicals back, urging the timid conservatives forward, guiding the Ship of State through hurricanes that hourly threatened to swamp it, the President continued along his chosen line. He selected the exact "psychological moment" for freeing the slaves; a moment when the move meant everything to the Union cause. England and France more than once seemed about to take sides with the South. Lincoln's consummate tact averted these perils and kept the country free from foreign complications.

At last his plans began to work out. Little by little the nation realized all he had done and was doing for it. Europe too commenced to understand that the despised backwoodsman was a statesman and patriot to whom the whole world might well do reverence. He had carried the country safely through its most terrible crisis. And the country, somewhat late in the day, adored the man it had mocked.

The Triumph and the End.

The war was over, the Union preserved, the slaves freed. No praise was high enough for the man who had achieved these miracles. And in the brief moment of his boundless popularity Lincoln preserved the same gentle, strong calm that had marked his days of adversity.

On the night of April 14, 1865, a gala performance was given at a Washington theatre to celebrate the triumphal close of the war. As President Lincoln sat watching the play (his appearance having been greeted with mad applause), a disreputable actor, John Wilkes Booth, member of a gang of conspirators who sought to avenge the defeat of the South, crept behind him and shot him through the brain.

Thus died Abraham Lincoln, hero-martyr; struck down at the moment when unjust hatred and ridicule against him had changed to admiring love—struck down when he had barely tasted the reward of his years of thankless labor. He had saved his country; and he gave his own blameless life in payment.

Our Good Taste in Music.

By Victor Herbert.

I DO not know what hidden power is at work on the American musical loving public to influence it, but of late years there seems to have been a marked tendency on its part toward something better in music. It seems now to be striving for higher ideals, as it were.

This is markedly apparent in all branches of music, from the latest popular song to the imported grand opera. It may be due to the fact of a broader musical education in our great universities and inland colleges, or it may be due to the fact that the American music teachers of to-day are striving for better things, and that they are spending their spare time in conscientious study and research of European music, and are in turn imparting this great knowledge to the aspiring young students of music, writes Victor Herbert in the Philadelphia Press.

On the other hand, the modern composer may be responsible, for he, like the teacher, has "builded for himself an ideal" far above that of the past decade and is striving, hard though it may be, to surmount this pinnacle of perfection. It has, indeed, been a task for these workers in the vineyard of melody to educate the mass of so-called music lovers, who have been educated up to the lower standards of "My Mariuccia," "My Mother Was a Lady" and other so-called popular songs, which are ground out over night, exist for a brief spell and are then consigned to the boneyard of public fads along with the "Teddy Bear" and "Fluffy Ruffles."

I honestly feel that the public has gone too far for any retrogression, and I think that from now on the development of American music, while slow, will be sure; that in the future generations our descendants will turn back to the musical compositions of a few years ago, if indeed they do not destroy them out of shame, and marvel that their forefathers should have been so lacking in musical education and tastes.

Letters from the People.

Drinking in Public.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your recent article on women drinking in public is timely. The question should be vigorously agitated by all who wish to have this degrading sight abolished. A more disgusting creature cannot be imagined than the girl scarcely out of her teens sipping a cocktail and acting like one affected with a "brain storm." Let restaurants cater less to the cocktail drinking element and more to the people who go for a good meal. Then perhaps we will see less of this fast growing evil.

J. M. B.

What Is "the Prime of Life?"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A says that forty years is considered the prime of life, B says fifty years. Which is correct, readers? What is the prime of life? E. J. C.

Race Track Gambling.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Concerning the bill preventing betting at the races, I am not a race track fiend myself, but what will be the result if this bill is passed? Will the sporting class who to-day make their living at the race track quit gambling and join our already large army of unemployed men and seek employment? I doubt it. I fear there will be gambling going on in the city that will prove more disastrous to our young men even than the races, and that highway robberies and crimes in the city will be worse than they are to-day (which are bad enough now). I wish that Gov. Hughes would present and pass bills to relieve the State of ever so many other evils and shameful deeds which are of everyday occurrence. A. H.

It is Pronounced "Worrick."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the right way to pronounce "Warwick?" W. S. S. R.

The Courier Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Some one asked a solution of the "Army Courier" problem. "Army twenty-five miles long. Courier starts from rear, and always travelling at same speed delivers despatch to commander in front and returns to rear, the army in the meantime having marched forward twenty-five miles. How many miles did courier travel?" Let X = distance army travels before courier reaches front. While the courier is overhauling the front he will have travelled 25 + X miles, while the army will have travelled X miles. In his total trip the courier will have travelled 25 + 2 X miles, while the army will have travelled 25 miles X : 25 + X :: 25 : 25 + 2 X, or X = 17.68 miles. Courier travels 60.86 miles.

D. M. HOLBROOK.

Gay and Light-Hearted Youth

By T. S. Allen

Kid—Say, Henry, I want to introduce yer to dat big brother Johnnie dere's always bragging about.

"When you git sick kin we have a go at dat cigar, Mike?"

The Vices and Virtues of Animals.

By William T. Hornaday,

Director of the New York Zoological Park.

THE killing of natural prey for daily food is not murder. A starving wolf on the desolate barren grounds may even kill and devour a wounded pack-mate without becoming a criminal by that act alone. True, such a manifestation of hard-heartedness and bad taste is very reprehensible, but its cause is hunger, not sheer blackness of heart, writes William T. Hornaday in McClure's. Among wild animals the wanton killing of a member of the killer's own species constitutes murder in the first degree. Second-degree murder is unnecessary and wanton killing outside the killer's own species.

In some of the many cases that have come under my notice the desire to commit murder for the sake of murder has been as sharply defined as the fangs and horns of the murderers. Of the many emotions of wild animals which are revealed more sharply in captivity than in a state of nature, the crime-producing passions—jealousy, hatred and the devilish lust for innocent blood—are most prominent.

Bears usually fight "on the square," openly and aboveboard, rarely committing foul murder. If one bear hates another, he attacks at the very first opportunity; he does not cunningly wait to catch the offender at a disadvantage, when he is beyond the possibility of rescue. Bears frequently kill one another, and often maul their keepers, but not by the sneaking methods of the human assassin who stabs in the dark and runs away. I do not count the bear as a common murderer, even though, at rare intervals, he kills a cage-mate smaller and weaker than himself. One killing of that kind, done by Cinnamon Jim to a small black bear that had annoyed him beyond all endurance, was inflicted as a legitimate punishment, and was so received.